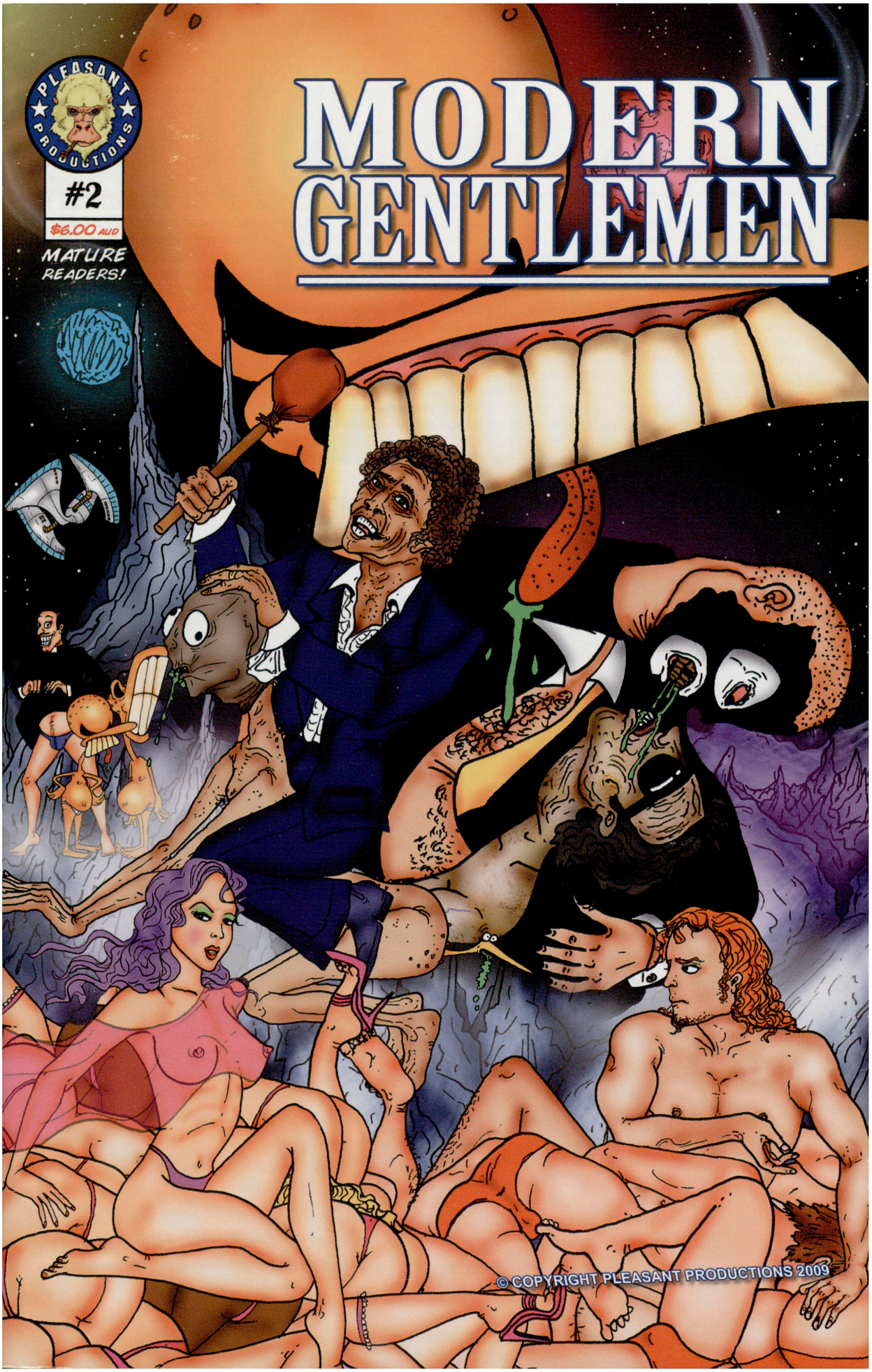
PLEASANT PRODUCTIONS
#2
$6.00 AUD
MATURE READERS!
MODERN GENTLEMEN
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MODERN GENTLEMEN

I FEEL LIKE I'M REPEATING MYSELF FROM ISSUE ONE, BUT WOWEE ZOWEE WE FINALLY MADE IT TO ISSUE TWO! SURE IT'S ABOUT SIX MONTHS LATE, BUT BETTER LATE THEN NEVER (WELL, TO ALL THREE OF YOU THAT ENJOYED THE FIRST ISSUE). I'VE BEEN SAYING THIS THE WHOLE TIME WE'VE BEEN WORKING ON ISSUE TWO: ISSUE TWO MAKES MODERN GENTLEMEN 1 LOOK LIKE A GIANT PILE OF POO (OR MAYBE IT JUST WAS A GIANT PILE OF POO). ISSUE TWO WELCOMES THE ARRIVAL OF SEVERAL MODERN GENTLEMEN VIRGINS. WE HAVE NEW WRITERS CAPTAIN GORGONZOLA, SHARING SENSITIVE STORIES SUCH AS THE INTIMATE "OFFICE FANTASY", AND TOM K. WHO HORRIFIES US WITH THE TRUE STORY OF "SHE-BIRD". ISSUE TWO ALSO INTRODUCES NEW ARTISTS JOE COEN AND PIERRE. JOE'S CLASSIC CARTOONIST STYLE IS A FRESH NEW LOOK FOR MODERN GENTS WITH HIS ARTWORK BRINGING TO LIFE EVERYTHING FROM GIANT BABY DUCKS TO KURT RUSSEL. PIERRE'S UNIQUE PENCILLING AND INKING IS ANOTHER WELCOME ADDITION WITH HIS WORK ON "MELON HEAD" BEING SOME OF THE BEST I'VE SEEN. WE ALSO HAVE A SPECIAL GUEST ARTIST, ROSS RADIATION. IF YOU LIKE HIS ARTWORK HERE, I HIGHLY RECOMMEND CHASING DOWN HIS PREVIOUS WORK (CHECK OUT ENTRAILER TRASH). OF COURSE, MODERN GENTLEMEN ISN'T COMPLETE WITHOUT AWESOME ART/STORIES FROM OUR VETERANS: ANDREW AND JEAN-LUC. WE'RE EXPECTING 2009 TO BE A BIG YEAR FOR PLEASANT PRODUCTIONS WITH THIS RELEASE OF ISSUE TWO, OUR TRULY ROTTEN SKIT SHOW AND THE IMPENDING DVD RELEASE OF OUR FIRST FEATURE "CANNIBAL SUBURBIA". KEEP CHECKING THE WEBSITE FOR UPDATES. HOPE YOU ENJOY THE COMIC AND THANKS MUCHLY FOR BUYING IT! SEE YOU FOR ISSUE THREE!

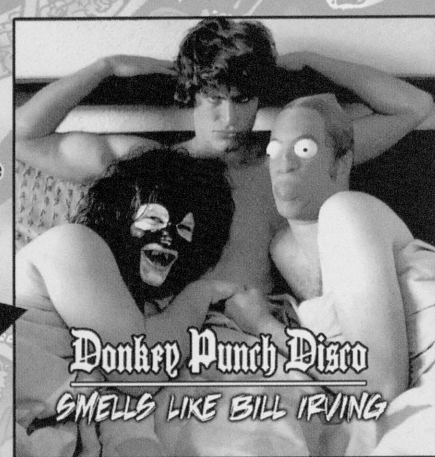
- WITH LOVE FROM DAVE (EDITOR)

DISCLAIMER!

READERS OF THE FIRST ISSUE WILL HAVE NOTICED THAT US MODERN GENTLEMEN ARE CERTAINLY TWISTED INDIVIDUALS, PUMPING OUT MORALLY QUESTIONABLE MATERIAL. ALMOST EVERY STORY IN THIS ISSUE WILL EITHER INTENTIONALLY OR UNINTENTIONALLY OFFEND SOMEONE. HOWEVER, THERE ARE CERTAIN CHARACTERISTICS WE THANKFULLY DON'T POSSESS. WE STRAY AWAY FROM ANY SORT OF RACIST, MISOGYNIST, HOMOPHOBIC AND PAEDOPHILIAC MATERIAL. A FEW OF THESE STORIES WILL COMMENT ON THESE ISSUES BUT WE ARE IN NO WAY PROMOTING THESE TRATS. THE MOMENT YOU START LABELLING OUR MATERIAL WITH THOSE WORDS, THE POINT HAS BEEN MISSED! IF SO, SORRY!

MODERN GENTLEMEN IN ISSUE 2:
ANDREW GALLACHER (WRITER/ARTIST)
DAVE JACKSON (EDITOR/WRITER)
JEAN-LUC SYNDIKAS (ARTIST)
JOE COEN (ARTIST)
PIERRE (ARTIST)
CAPTAIN GORGONZOLA (WRITER)
THOMAS KINSMAN (WRITER)
ROSS RADIATION (ARTIST)

Don't forget to check out the new Donkey Punch album, "Smells Like Bill Irving"!



VISIT US AT WWW.PLEASANT-PRODUCTIONS.COM

WE'LL BE LOOKING FOR NEW ARTISTS (OR WRITER-ARTISTS) FOR THE THIRD ISSUE OF MODERN GENTLEMEN... EMAIL DAVE FOR ANY ENQUIRIES ON HOW TO BECOME INVOLVED:

David Jackson: dave.moderngents@gmail.com OR www.myspace.com/pleasantproductions

COVER ART BY JEAN-LUC SYNDIKAS
BACK COVER BY ANDREW GALLACHER

MODERN GENTLEMEN Vol. 1, Issue 2, February 2009, Published by PLEASANT PRODUCTIONS, © 2009 PLEASANT PRODUCTIONS. This publication is purely fictional, any likeness to living or dead is purely coincidental.

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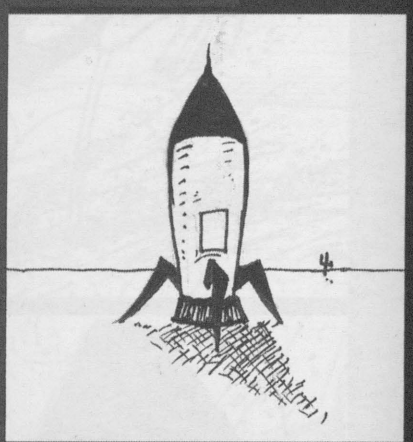
Donkey Punch Disco
in
Fucked Up in Space
Fuck me! Where the shit are we, Mango?

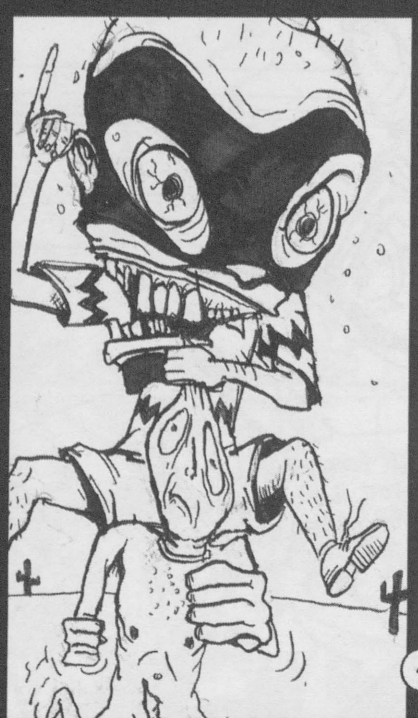
Christ, all I remember was sniffing down a whole lot of ether and Coke with Barbara Crampton & Jeffrey Combs in the Mint Hotel, & now we're in the middle of the Stinking DeSERt!

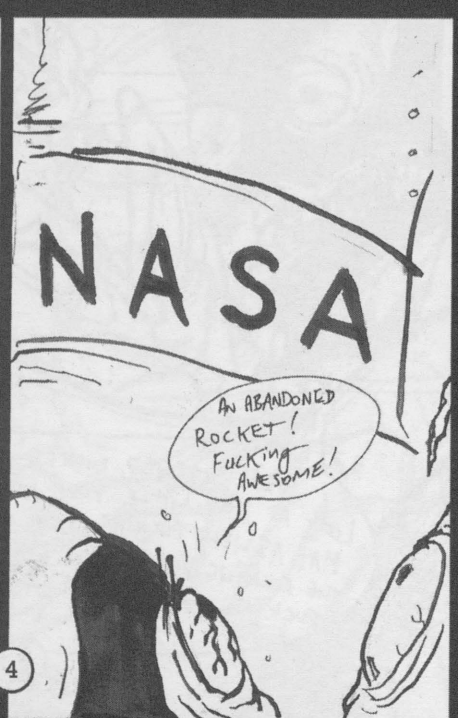
BLERGH.
WE'RE SCREWED, FUCKED AND BUGGERED... LOOK AT HOW LITTLE FUEL WE GOT. WE MAY AS WELL FUCKING PULL OVER AND LET THE FUCKING VULTURES GET AN EARLY FUCKING START. WHAT A WAY TO GO, YO.

SSSS
SURE ENOUGH, MOMENTS LATER OUR HEROES, DONKEY PUNCH AND SECRET MANGO, RUN OUT OF PETROL.

WHOA! HOLD ON BROSEPH! WHAT'S THAT SHIT IN THE DISTANCE ???





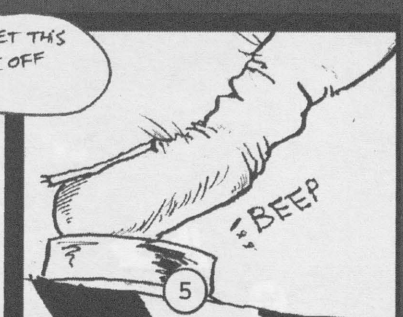

NASA
AN ABANDONED ROCKET! FUCKING AWESOME!

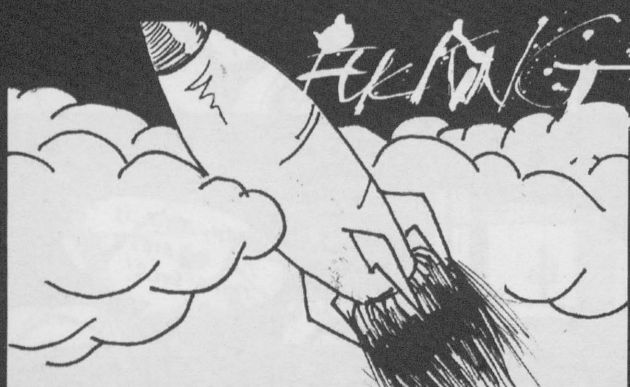
DONKEY & MANGO ENTER THE ROCKET.
SPACE SUITS... APE RAPE A PLUS!!!
BLERGH!!!

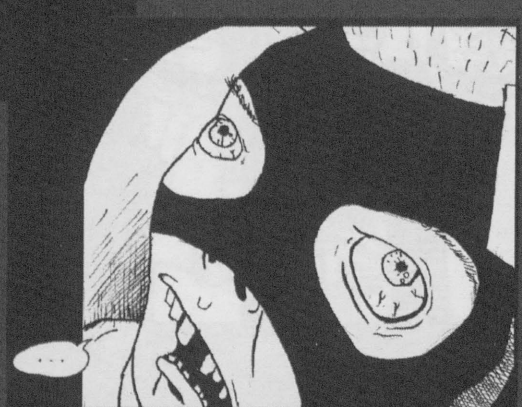
OK, COMMANDER MANGO, LETS FIND THE COCKPIT!

MAN, THIS IS THE GREATEST THING EVER!

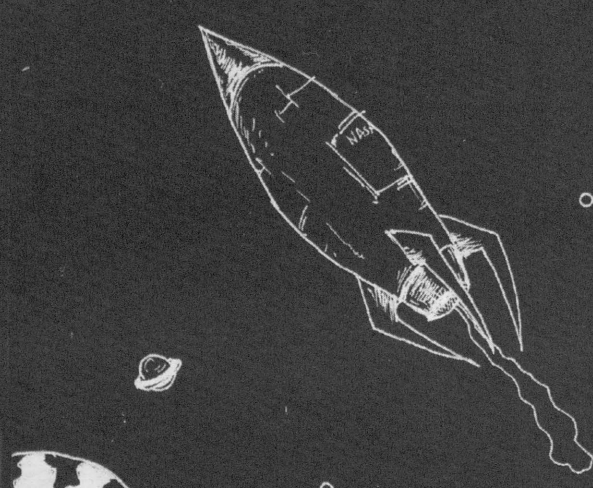
HEY! I BET THIS IS THE TAKE OFF BUTTON!


BEEP





OH SHIT! MORONS IN SPACE! TO BE CONTINUED...



STORY: DAVE JACKSON
ILLUSTRATION: MR. GALLACHER

KURT AND ME

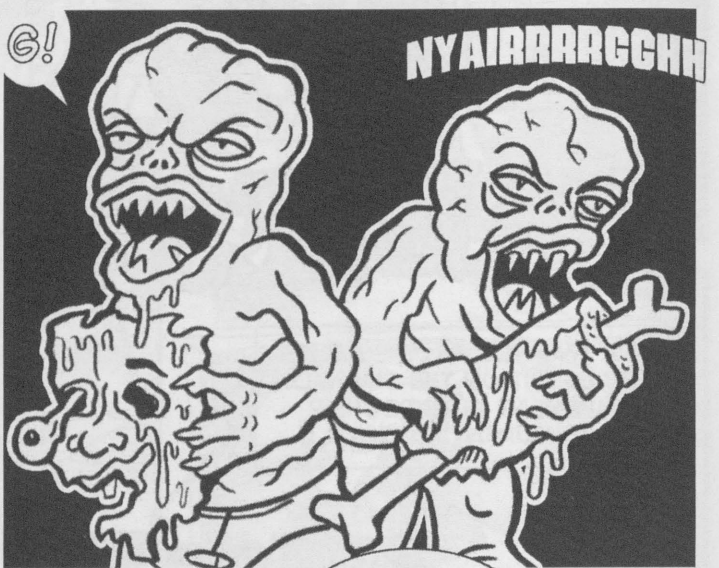
STORY: TOM KINSMAN
ART: JOE COEN

WHY HELLO THERE. MY NAME IS AUBREY HEARTBURN BUT ALL THE CHILDREN IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD CALL ME...
MELONHEAD
WORDS: DAVE JACKSON
PICTURES: PIERRE
I WOULD SAY THIS IS DUE TO MY HIDEOUSLY ENLARGED, MELON-SHAPED HEAD
THIS IS MY KITTY. HIS NAME IS CHEVY CHASE
THERE WAS A TIME WHEN CHEVY WAS A BEAUTIFUL CAT
HE WAS IN HIS PRIME AND VERY POPULAR WITH VARYING AGE GROUPS
THEN LAST WINTER I TRIED TO HAVE A LITTLE TASTE OF HIS TAIL. HE DUG HIS CLAWS INTO MY SENSITIVE MELON HEAD
SO NOW I DON'T FEED HIM ANYMORE EXCEPT FOR A FEW DRIED UP APRICOTS
PEOPLE SAY HE'S WASHED UP
AFTER A TRULY WEAK CHRISTMAS WITH THE KRANKS, I WENT OUT FOR A REFRESHING BIKE RIDE...
...A LOCAL KID SMASHED MY MELON HEAD IN WITH A CRICKET BAT
THE BAT LEFT A GIGANTIC DENT IN THE BACK OF MY SOFT SKULL. THEY HAD A RIGHT GOOD LAUGH ABOUT IT...

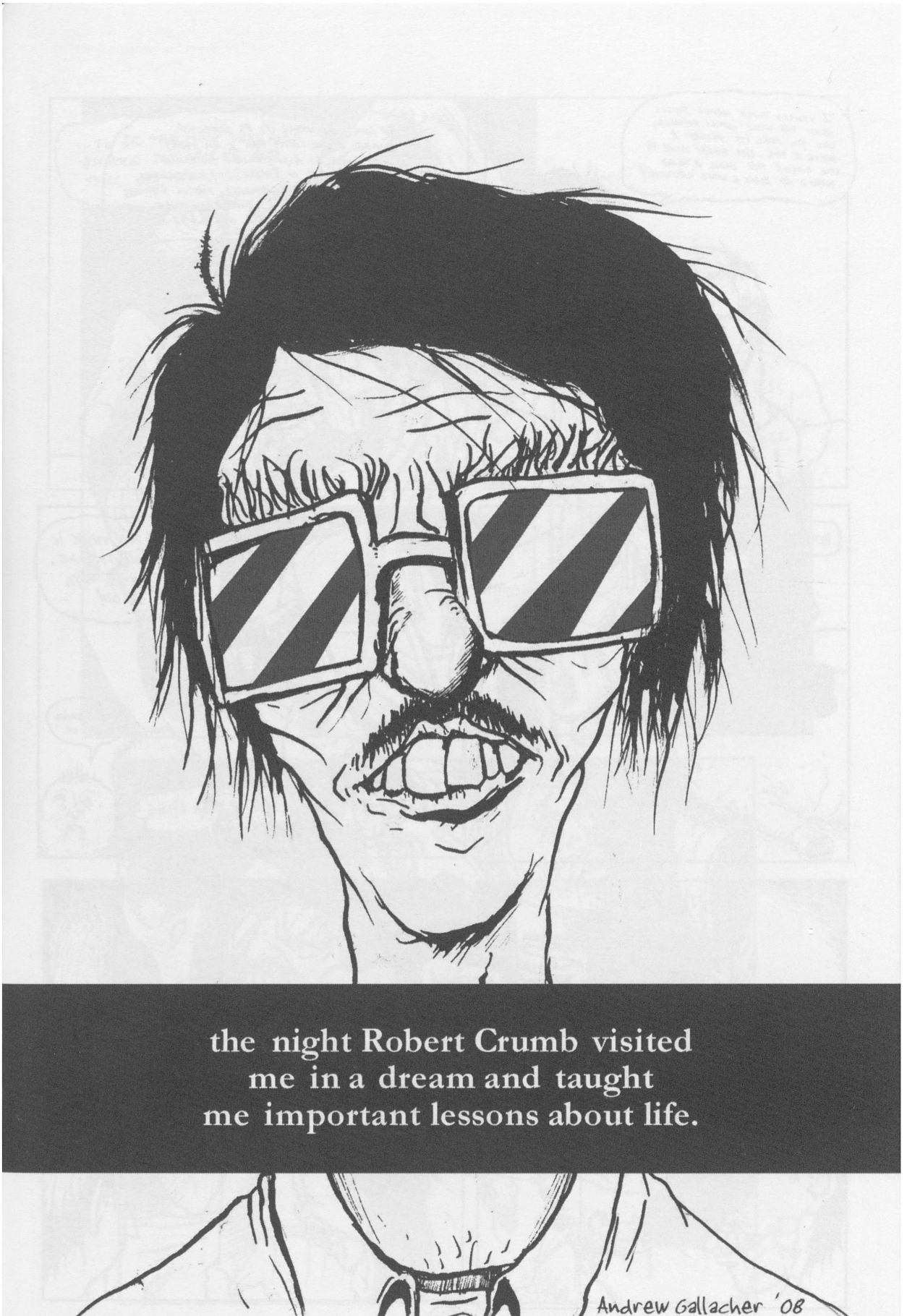
THEY FILLED UP THE DENT WITH DOG POOPS AND TAPED IT SHUT WITH MASKING TAPE
OOOO, MY ACHING MELON!
WELL, I GUESS THATS ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW THEN...
TEE HEE!
END

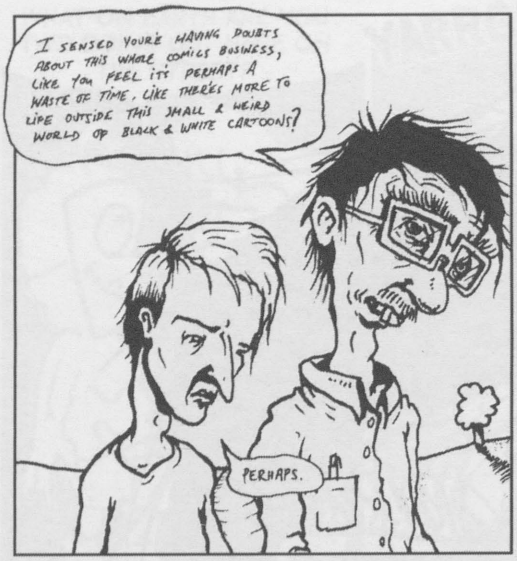
DINNER FOR JEW
Story by Captain Gorgonzola
Art by Jean-Luc Syndikas
M.BROOKS
Oih Veih, what a day. Time to relax in front of the tube with my favourite dish... Matsa ball soup!
FOX
"They'll never take our freedom!"
Toi Toi, Tishe Tishe! I hate Mel Gibson! He is so anti-Semite!
Get him off Morty!
Laugh
"NIGGER! NIGGER!..."
Oih, what a shmuck! He makes these brutal films and calls us responsible for all the wars. The nerve!
Ah, now there's a nice Jewish boy!
But... I'm not Jewish!

SHE WAS A PLEASANT PREGNANT WOMAN OF AGE NINETEEN,
UNTIL HER BOYFRIEND BOUGHT A DOG THAT JUST WASN'T CLEAN,
IT BIT HER AND INFECTED HER WITH RAAAABIES!
SHE WENT OFF TO THE HOSPITAL TO POP THEM BUBBAS OUT,
HER MOUTH WAS A-FROTHING WITH A SCREAM AND A SHOUT,
OUT CAME THE TWINS, WHO BECAME THE...
RABIES BABIES
OUR TWO HEROES, THE RABIES BABIES, SIT ON THE SIDEWALK PAVEMENT OUTSIDE THEIR SUBURBAN HOUSE.
OH MY! WHAT'S THIS?
TWINS?... OH, HOW ABSOLUTELY ADORABLE!

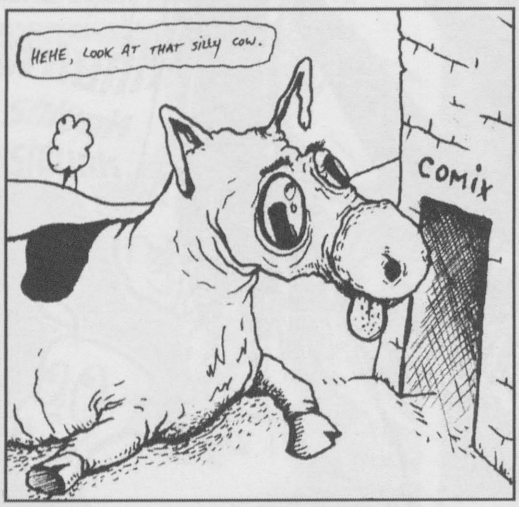


story by **dave jackson**
art by **ross radiation**


the night Robert Crumb visited
me in a dream and taught
me important lessons about life.
Andrew Gallacher '08


I SENSED YOU'RE HAVING DOUBTS ABOUT THIS WHOLE COMICS BUSINESS, LIKE YOU FEEL IT'S PERHAPS A WASTE OF TIME. LIKE THERE'S MORE TO LIFE OUTSIDE THIS SMALL & WEIRD WORLD OF BLACK & WHITE CARTOONS?
PERHAPS.

BUT COMICS ARE WHERE IT'S ALL HAPPENING! I WOULDN'T BE THE LUCKY MAN I AM TODAY WITHOUT THEM. AS A CARTOONIST YOU RESIGN YOURSELF TO A LIFE OF HUMBLE, SIMPLE PLEASURES. YOU FOCUS ON THE SMALL MOMENTS, FINDING HAPPINESS IN THE TINIEST OF THINGS. FORGET ALL THAT OTHER BULLSHIT, WHAT A HORRIBLE STATE! ECH!


HEHE, LOOK AT THAT SILLY COW.
COMIX

AND YOU MAY THINK IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE, BUT TO THOSE GUYS, YOU'RE A GOD!
HE'S TALKING ABOUT US.

STORAGE
BUT PUT ALL THAT LA-DI-DA BULLSHIT ASIDE, THE TRUE PLEASURE OF CARTOONING LIES RIGHT BEHIND THIS DOOR.
IT DOES?

YOU SEE, CARTOONING IS A LICENCE...

...TO BE THE MOST DEPRAVED ASSHOLE YOU CAN BE, AND STILL GET AWAY WITH IT!

OH, YES, YES, YES! I FEEL IT R.

ALWAYS HAPPY TO HELP!
HOLD THAT LOOK, CUTEFACE. YOU'E GONNA MAKE ME CUM...

END.

Story by Dave
Art by Jean-Luc

THE APE OF MY NIGHTMARES

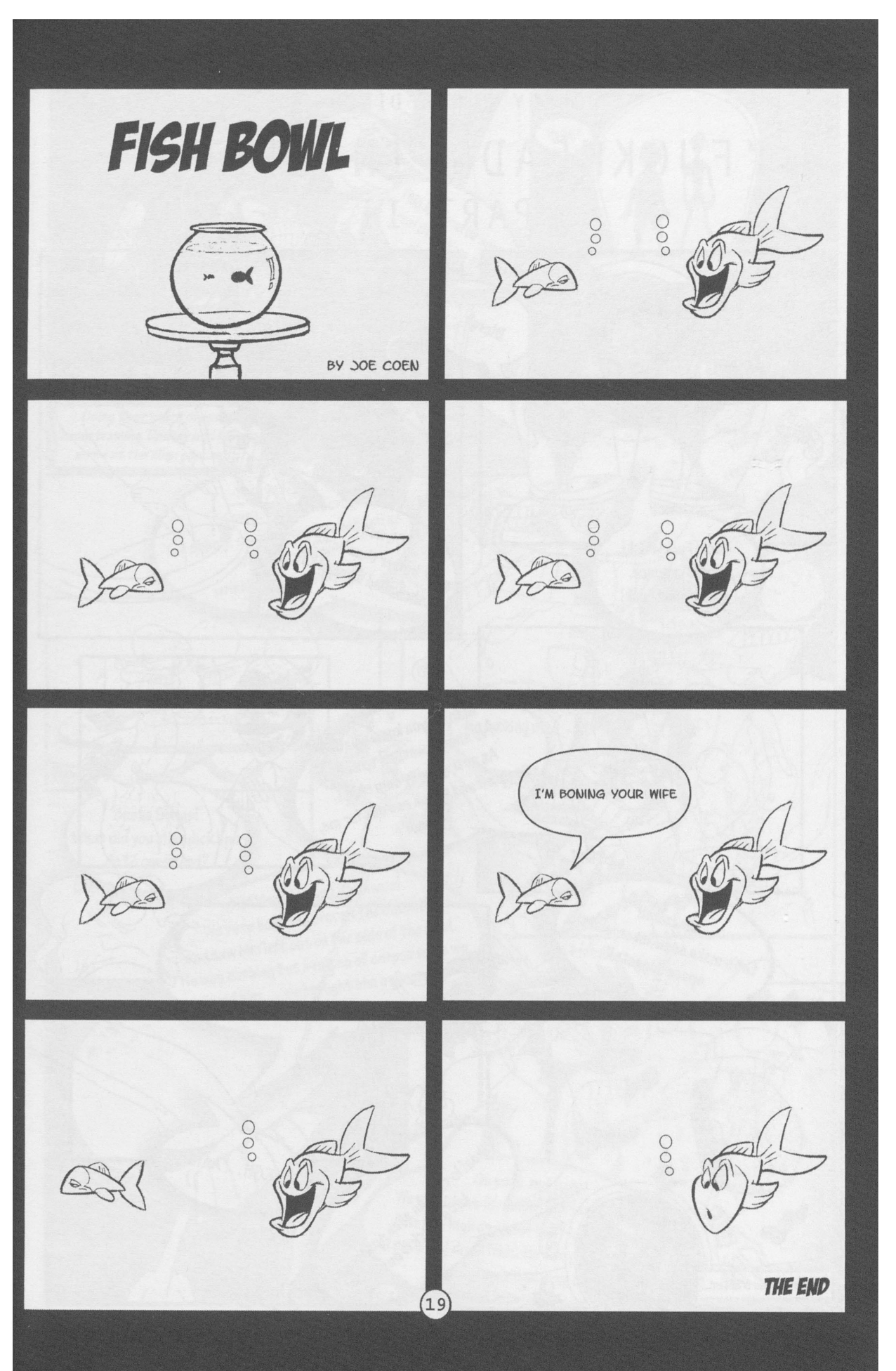
Thank you for the first of your monthly donations! Your money has helped us save a species of tree apes that we thought were extinct.
S.O.W.N
M-m-motha -mothafuck-a...
Dante faints and enters his private nightmare world.
Thank you, Papa Derris.
Get the hell away from me! Primitive! PRIMITIIIIVE!
But you saved me, Papa Dante.
NO! Go back to Hollywood, chimp! I'm not impressed by the faces you pull, the tricks that make the children laugh... you are nothing. NOTHING!
But Papa Derr-
YOU GODAMN PRIMATE! YOU GODAMN STINKIN' APE!
YOU GODA-... oh...
ZOO
Dante! You egg!
END

The Truth About Melbourne

THE END.

WRITTEN BY DAVE JACKSON

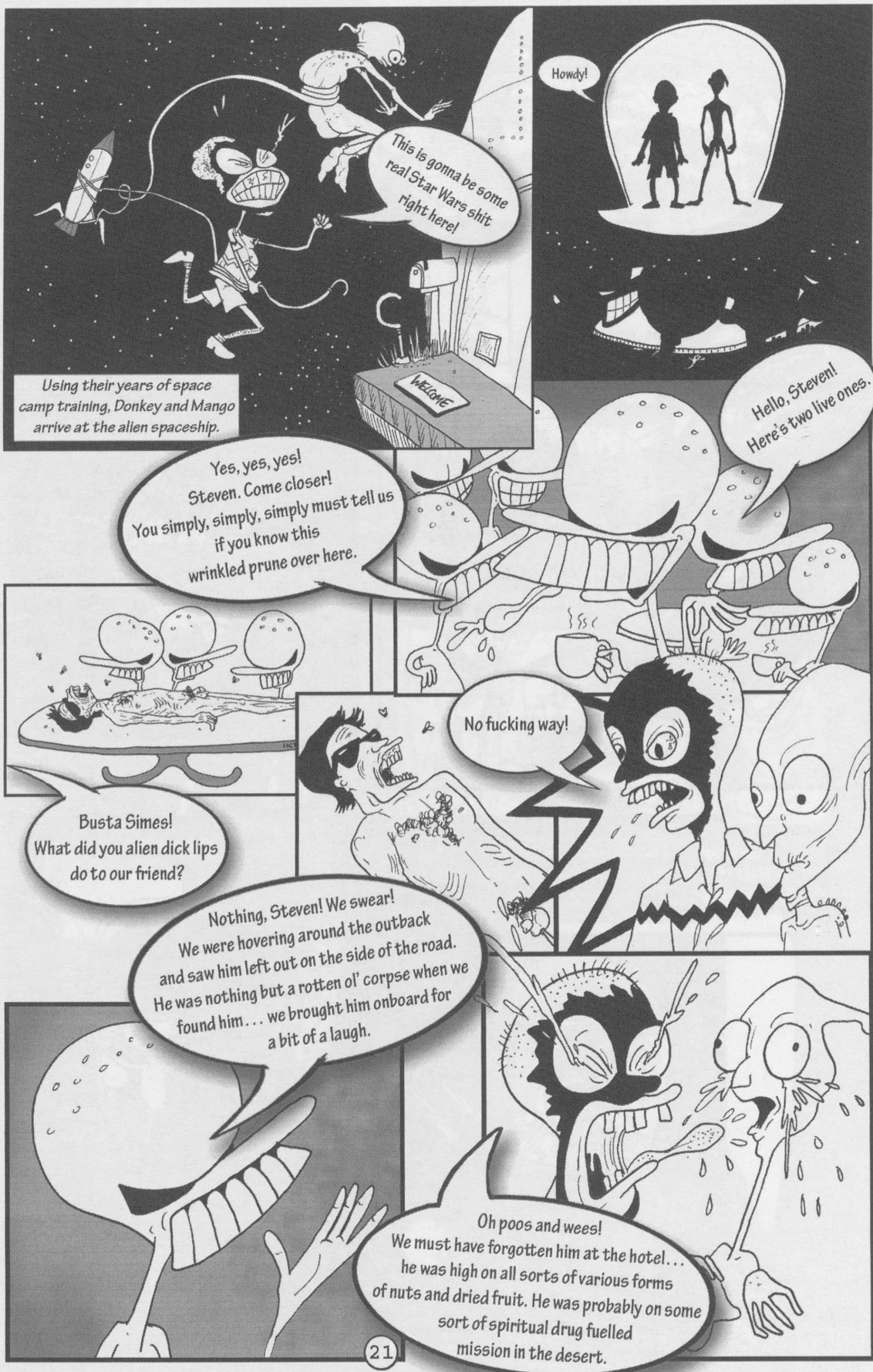
ILLUSTRATED BY ANDREW G.

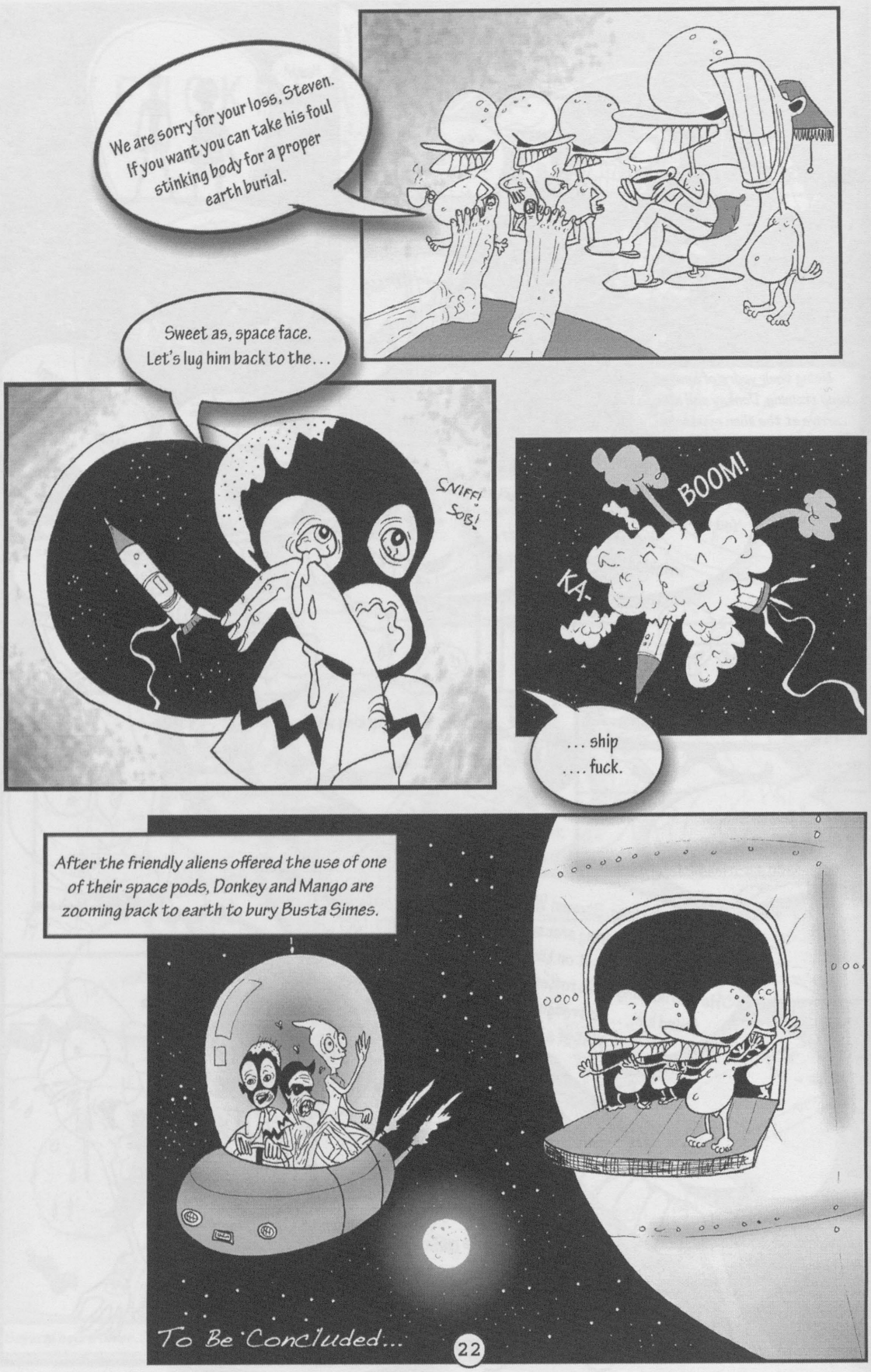

FISH BOWL
BY JOE COEN
I'M BONING YOUR WIFE
THE END

DONKEY PUNCH DISCO IN

"FUCKHEADS IN SPACE" PART II

Written by Dave Art by Jean-Luc


This is gonna be some real Star Wars shit right here!
WELCOME
Using their years of space camp training, Donkey and Mango arrive at the alien spaceship.
Howdy!
Hello, Steven! Here's two live ones.
Yes, yes, yes! Steven. Come closer! You simply, simply, simply must tell us if you know this wrinkled prune over here.
No fucking way!
Busta Simes! What did you alien dick lips do to our friend?
Nothing, Steven! We swear! We were hovering around the outback and saw him left out on the side of the road. He was nothing but a rotten ol' corpse when we found him . . . we brought him onboard for a bit of a laugh.
Oh poos and wees! We must have forgotten him at the hotel . . . he was high on all sorts of various forms of nuts and dried fruit. He was probably on some sort of spiritual drug fuelled mission in the desert.


We are sorry for your loss, Steven. If you want you can take his foul stinking body for a proper earth burial.
Sweet as, space face. Let's lug him back to the...
SNIFF! SOB!
BOOM!
KA-
... ship .... fuck.
After the friendly aliens offered the use of one of their space pods, Donkey and Mango are zooming back to earth to bury Busta Simes.
To Be Concluded...

The SHEBIRD

Written by Thomas Kinsman
Illustrated by Andrew Gallacher

London is changing.
In the early hours of the morning,
you can see plumes of steam and
stink rise from the streets,
and mix over a moon-lit backdrop.

Below, an ocean of people ripple her footpaths.
They wander aimlessly in a dreary kind of
pedestrianism. No directions and no purpose.

They are armies of the broken & beaten down.

Drunks, couples, criminals, socialites,
and everything in between. It's hard
to tell them apart. They all have
the same lifeless expression.

But you can't say they're all the
same. In a patch of clovers, you're
always bound to stumble on at least
one with four or even five leaves.

A one in a million oddity,
a freak of nature.

That's why I wasn't
frightened when I
saw it. The way its
face stood out in
that crowd of furrowed
brows and dispassionate
looks.

Hideous & obtrusive.

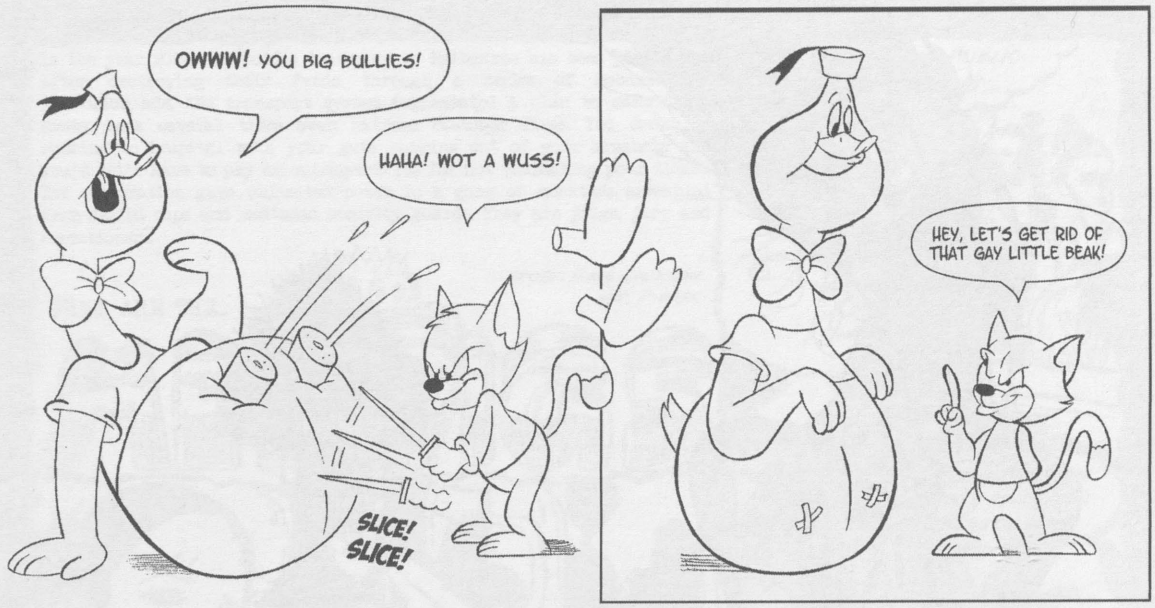
Its cold fish-eyes told you
something was coming.
I could see London's future
and it wasn't pretty.

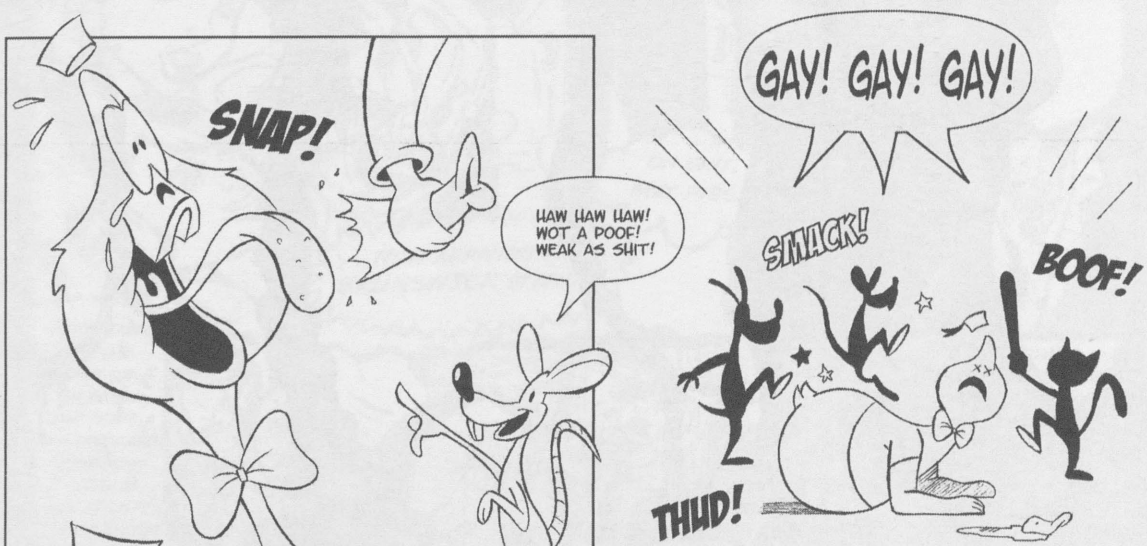
This was the
SHEBIRD.
There was no
other name
for it.

Darwin knew the score,
I saw the proof.

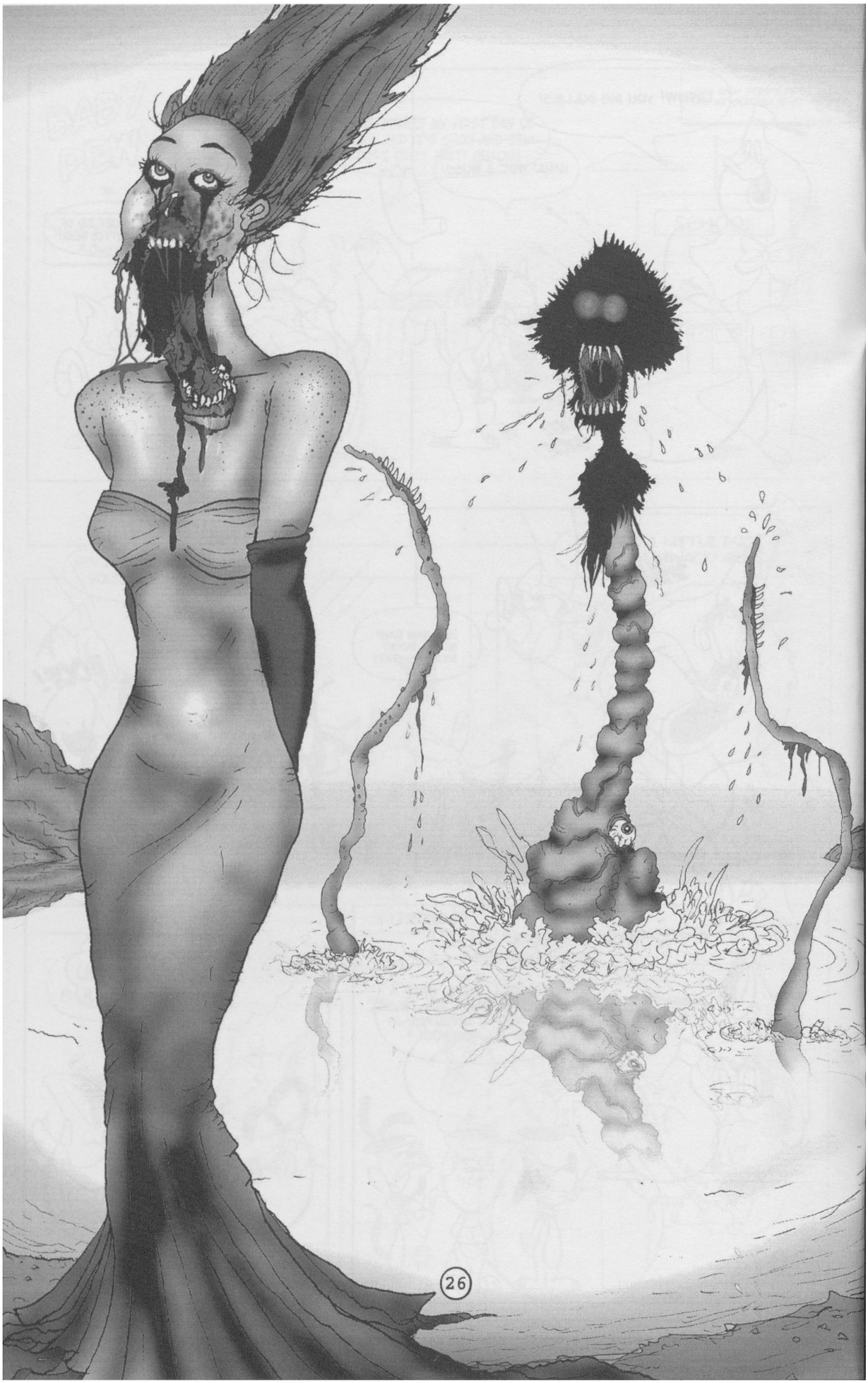
END.

BABY PEWY
IN..
"Pewy's Schoolyard Adventure"
IT'S BABY PEWY'S FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL! WHAT FUN!
WOWEE ZOWEE! MY FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL AND IT'S SHOW AND TELL TOO! I CAN'T WAIT! QUACK!!
SCHOOL
HEY FELLAS! MIND IF I JOIN IN ON YOUR SCHOOLYARD CHATTER?
WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO BE, YOU FAG?
WHY I'M A LITTLE DUCK OF COURSE! QUACK! QUACK!
LITTLE? YOU'RE A BIG FAT FUCKING GAY FACE!
UH OH! BULLIES!!
YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT, DOUCHE BAG. AND WE'RE GONNA TEACH YOU A LESSON OR TWO... GET HIS PANTS OFF AND HOLD HIM DOWN, BOYS!!
OH NO! LEAVE ME ALONE! I DIDN'T DO NUFFIN'!
LOOK AT HIS QUEER SKINNY LEGS... HA!
LET'S REMOVE THEM!
FLICK!


OWWW! YOU BIG BULLIES!
HAHA! WOT A WUSS!
SLICE! SLICE!
HEY, LET'S GET RID OF THAT GAY LITTLE BEAK!


SNAP!
HAW HAW HAW! WOT A POOF! WEAK AS SHIT!
GAY! GAY! GAY!
SMACK!
BOOF!
THUD!

SHORTLY...
WELL, WELL, GUYS, WHAT A WONDERFUL SHOW AND TELL TREAT YOU'VE GIVEN US! A+ FOR ALL YOU YOU!
AND OF COURSE, ALL THIS UNNECESSARY HOMOPHOBIC AGGRESSION WAS BROUGHT ON BY DEEPLY CLOSETED HOMOSEXUAL TENDENCIES.
THE END



In the year 2009, all public transport in Melbourne has been privatised. After destroying their funds through a series of embarrassing television ads, the transport system implemented a plan to make their money back several times over: extreme customer fines. You could be rushing to hospital with your guts hanging out of your arsehole and you'd still have to pay an outrageous fee for not validating your ticket. The corporation gave unlimited power to a gang of monsters assembled from failed cops and meathead security guards. They are judge, jury and executioner...

THEY ARE THE...

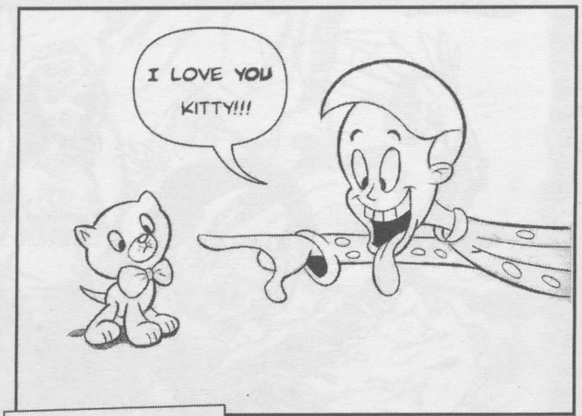
METPIGS

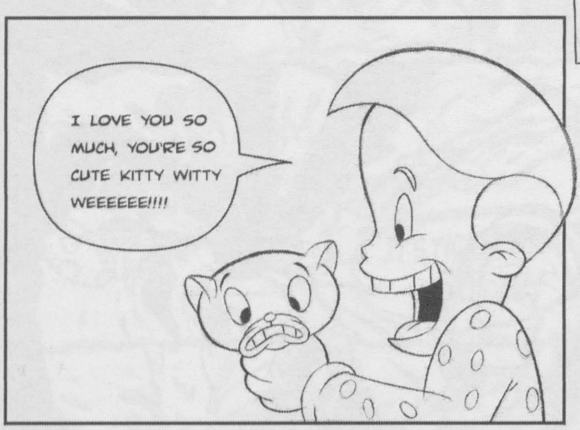
STORY: DAVE JACKSON
ART: PIERRE

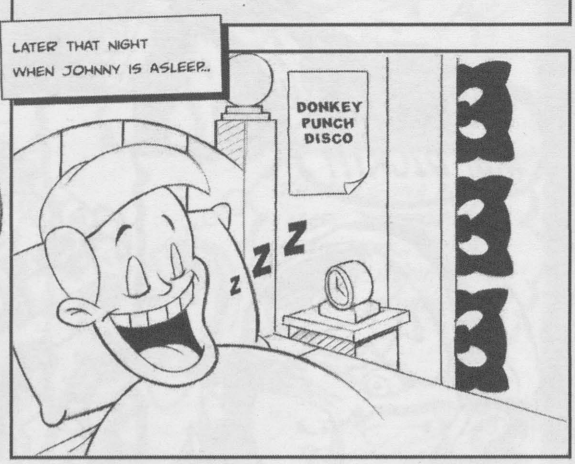
EVER HEARD OF A CHELSEA SMILE, YOU FUCKIN' DOWNEY?
IT'S TICKLE TIME, ARSEHOLE!!
THEY'VE GONE POWER MAD... NO STOPPING THEM NOW... I GOTTA FIND SOMETHING TO DEFEND MYSELF WITH!
YOUR TURN, SUGAR TITS.

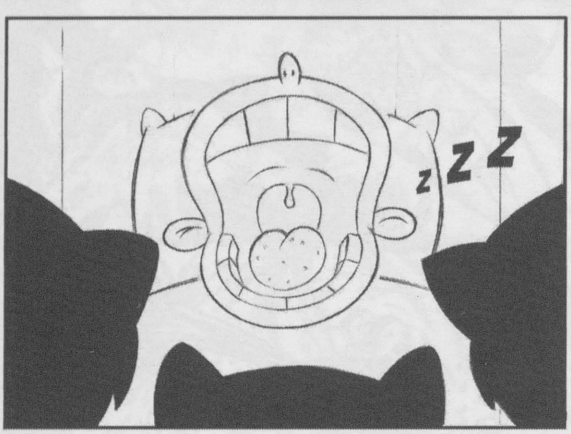
HMMPH! SIDNEY WAS WEAK. YOU LOOK LIKE MET COP MATERIAL... EVEN IF YOU ARE A BROAD. FEAR IS THE KEY. THERE'S NOTHING LIKE THE HIGH OF GETTING SOME FARE-EVADING PRICK'S HEART RACING. OTHER THAN RAPE AND MURDER THAT IS, BUT THAT'S RESERVED FOR THE WEEKEND.
FUCK YOU, MET DICK!!!
NOW ARRIVING AT ANSTEY STATION
FIN

Kitlets
OH, OH, OH... I LOVE MY KITLETS!!!
STORY: DAVE JACKSON / ART: JOE COEN


I LOVE YOU KITTY!!!


I LOVE YOU SO MUCH, YOU'RE SO CUTE KITTY WITTY WEEEEEE!!!!


LATER THAT NIGHT WHEN JOHNNY IS ASLEEP..
DONKEY PUNCH DISCO
Z Z Z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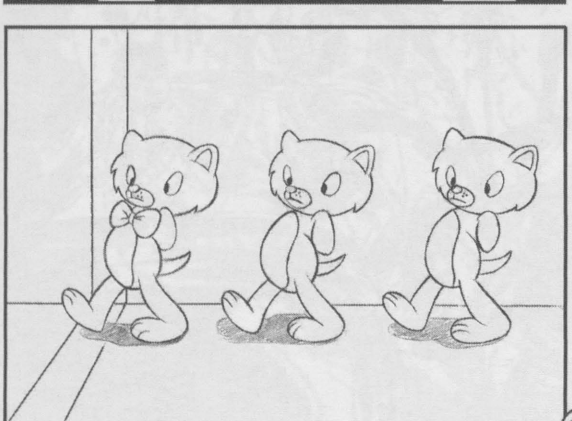
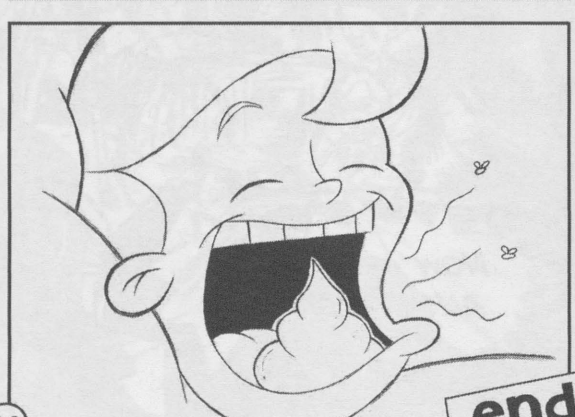



end

LOLO MANSION

written & illustrated by Andrew Gallacher '08

THE INVITE IS PERHAPS THE ONLY SOLID PROOF I HAVE OF BEING PART OF THIS STORY, THAT & THE MEMORIES. MEMORIES THAT I WILL NOW SHARE WITH YOU IN THE HOPE THAT THEY SOONER DISAPPEAR. —ANDREW G.
I WAS COMMISSIONED TO PAINT A PORTRAIT OF A FAMOUS PORNSTAR NAMED LOLO FERRARI. IT WAS MEANT TO BE FOR THE COVER OF AN UPCOMING BOOK ABOUT HER LIFE.
Andrew Gallacher,
u are invited to Celebra
Lolo's return Home...
...AND WORKING FROM PHOTOS JUST WASN'T CUTTING IT.
HER HOUSE LOOKED VERY SIMILAR TO HOW I IMAGINED IT.
Lolo Mansion
PINK WALLS, PALM TREES, TWO BIG TITS ON THE ROOF. "LOLO" TRANSLATES TO BOOBS, I THINK.
WHEN I ARRIVED I WAS GREETED BY TWO VERY STRANGE MEN.
Hello, Sir. We've been expecting you.
THE INTERIOR WALLS WERE LINED WITH PLASTER MOULDS OF PENISES, THE NAMES OF THE OWNERS BELOW.
We're just about to eat, sit. sit.

THE DINING TABLE WAS OCCUPIED BY ALL-SORTS; WRITERS, PORN ACTORS, PHILOSOPHERS, DOCTORS. I GUESS I WAS REPRESENTING THE ART WORLD.

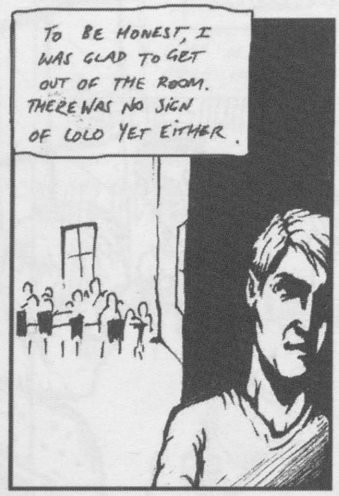
CONVERSATIONS I THOUGHT I'D NEVER HEAR...

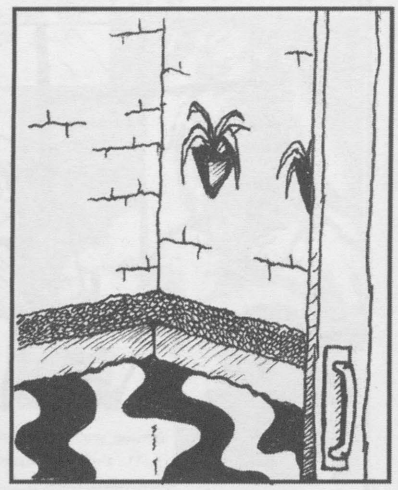
I thought about putting my daughter in porn, but now with the aids scare, I'm not sure...

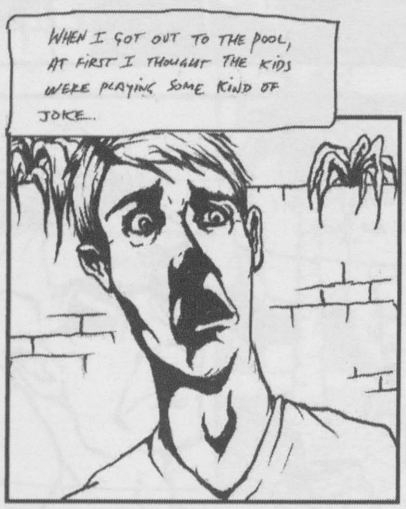
Oh AIDS, now that takes me back to the 80's.

I had a friend who wrote a book about AIDS. It never got published unfortunately, but he dead now. a-he...he...

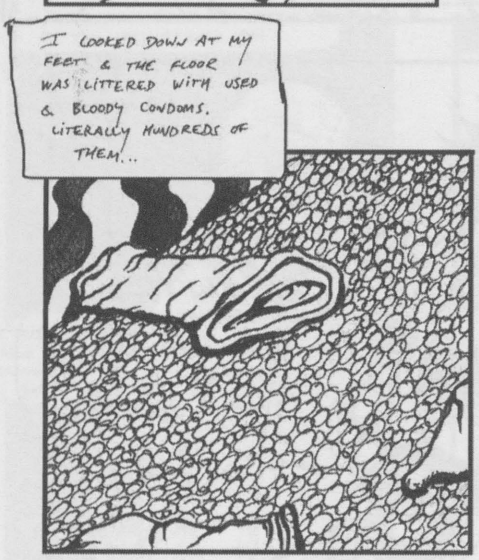
UMMMMM... seeing as you're not exactly taking part in the discussion, perhaps you could check on the kids in the pool out the back?


TO BE HONEST, I WAS GLAD TO GET OUT OF THE ROOM. THERE WAS NO SIGN OF LOLO YET EITHER.



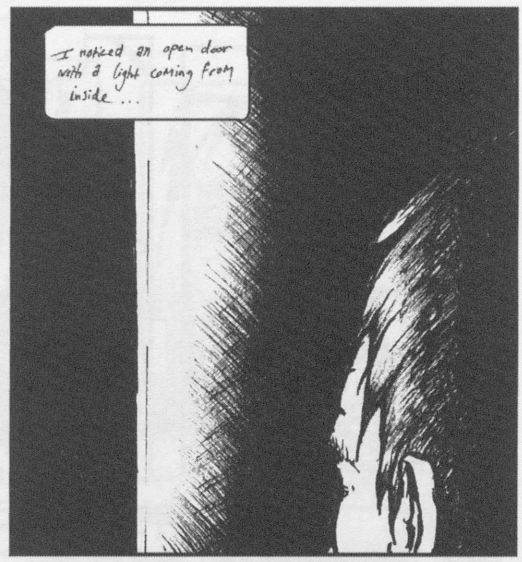

WHEN I GOT OUT TO THE POOL, AT FIRST I THOUGHT THE KIDS WERE PLAYING SOME KIND OF JOKE...

BUT THEY NEVER GOT UP. THEIR LIMP NAKED BODIES REMAINED FLOATING ON THE SURFACE FOR FAR TOO LONG.


I LOOKED DOWN AT MY FEET & THE FLOOR WAS LITTERED WITH USED & BLOODY CONDOMS. LITERALLY HUNDREDS OF THEM...

CLOUDS OF PINK FLOATED AROUND THE PRUNED GENITALS OF THESE STRANGE & DEAD CHILDREN.

I quickly retreated back inside, but the mood had shifted, the atmosphere was suddenly hostile. I felt like throwing up.


I noticed an open door with a light coming from inside...

It was the man from earlier, observing a range of security monitors.

And something small, shifting in the dark below the desk.

IT WAS THE LITTLE MAN, SMILING AND WAVING TO ME, SOMEWHAT IMPALED ON THE ERECT GENITALS OF THE LARGER MAN.
hello.

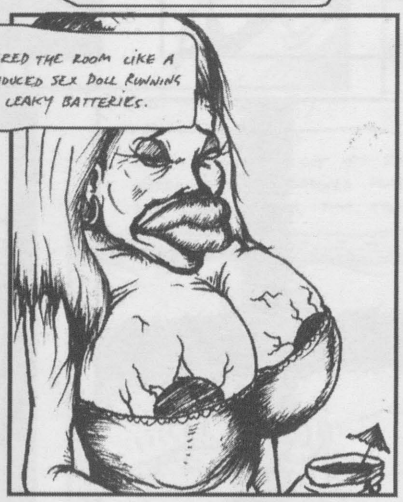
I QUICKLY LEFT.

When I got back the food was served...

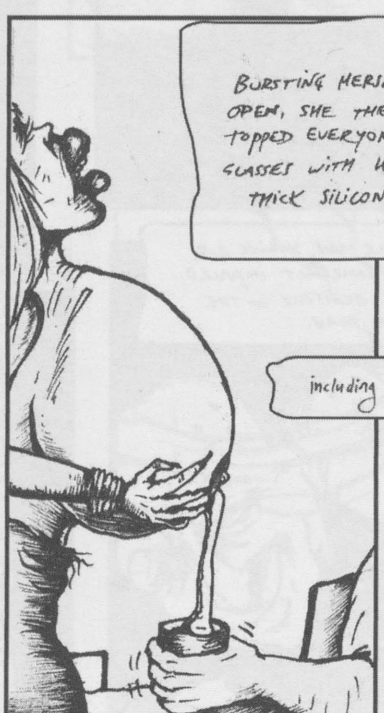
THE FACE OF A PIG...
AND THE FACE OF A DOG...

Lolo! Lolo's here!

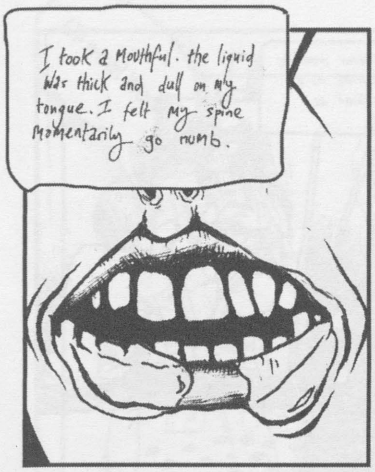
SHE ENTERED THE ROOM LIKE A VALIUM INDUCED SEX DOLL RUNNING ON LEAKY BATTERIES.

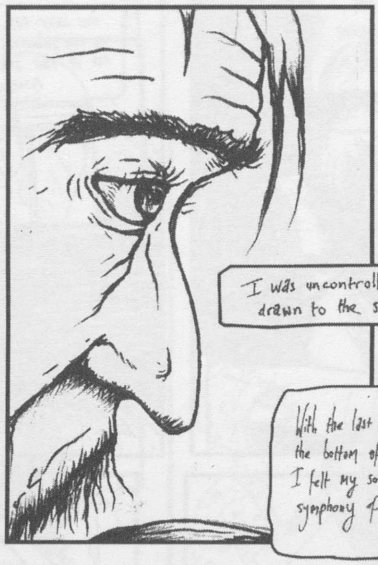


SHE APPROACHED AN UNSUSPECTING GUEST & MADE HIM HOLD OUT HIS GLASS.


BURSTING HERSELF OPEN, SHE THEN TOPPED EVERYONE'S GLASSES WITH WARM, THICK SILICONE.

including my own.


I took a mouthful. the liquid was thick and dull on my tongue. I felt my spine momentarily go numb.


I was uncontrollably drawn to the shit.
With the last of it hitting the bottom of my stomach, I felt my soul die to the symphony of a thousand Orgasms.

A Vaging grew in my neck.

one of the female guests plonged her head inside me.

I could feel her fellating my heart. It felt something like love.

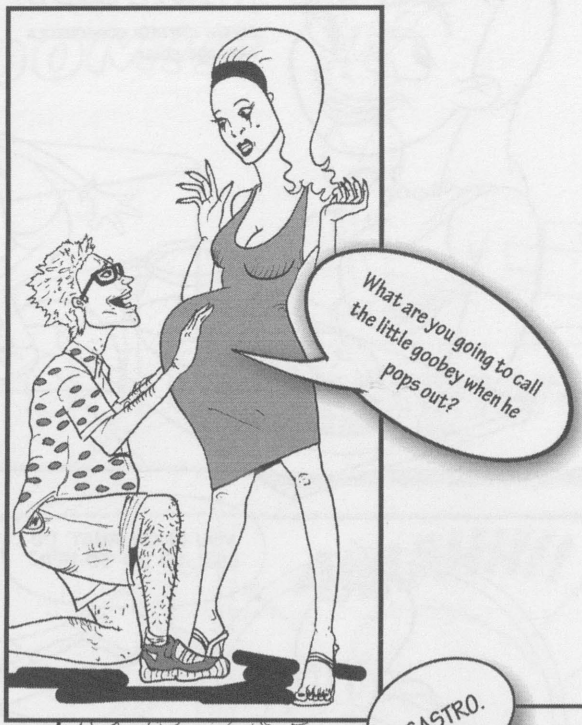
WHEN I CAME HER BODY WENT STIFF LIKE DEATH.

SHE LANDED ON THE HARD TILE FLOOR WITH A WET THUD. A POOL OF MY BLOOD SEEPED FROM HER MOUTH LIKE A MURDEROUS CREAM PIE.

I WOKE UP HOURS LATER, IN MY CAR AND HALF WAY DOWN THE STREET. I DROVE HOME FEELING DISORIENTED & FRIGHTENED.
THE NEXT DAY I BEGAN WORKING ON THE PAINTING, WANTING TO BE RID OF THE JOB AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.
Tragic news this morning as we report the sudden and untimely death of adult entertainer Lolo Ferrari, who died last night in her home while hosting a dinner party for friends and family. Strange reports are emerging from guest, some claiming to be 'taken to hell and back', adding speculation to the possibility of drug use as a cause of her death. Similar reports are igniting an investigation to determine just exactly what happened in the Lolo Mansion on March the 5th.
Despite the sensational nature of this story, our hearts go out to Lolo's family.
And that was that. I got interviewed by the police, but my story was as surreal & ridiculous as the rest of the guests'. Drug tests came up clean too. No, that night Lolo died at some point and on her way through the gates of hell, she left those doors swinging, spilling their nightmares into the filthy halls of that big pink shithole.
So long Lolo xoxo.
END

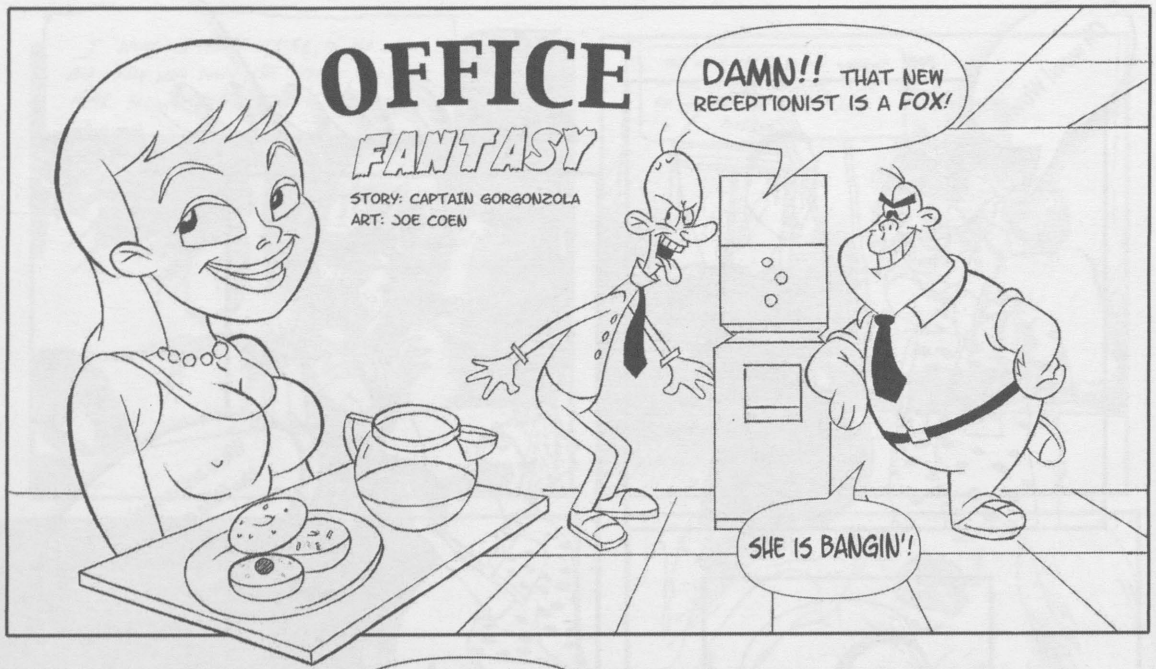
Douche

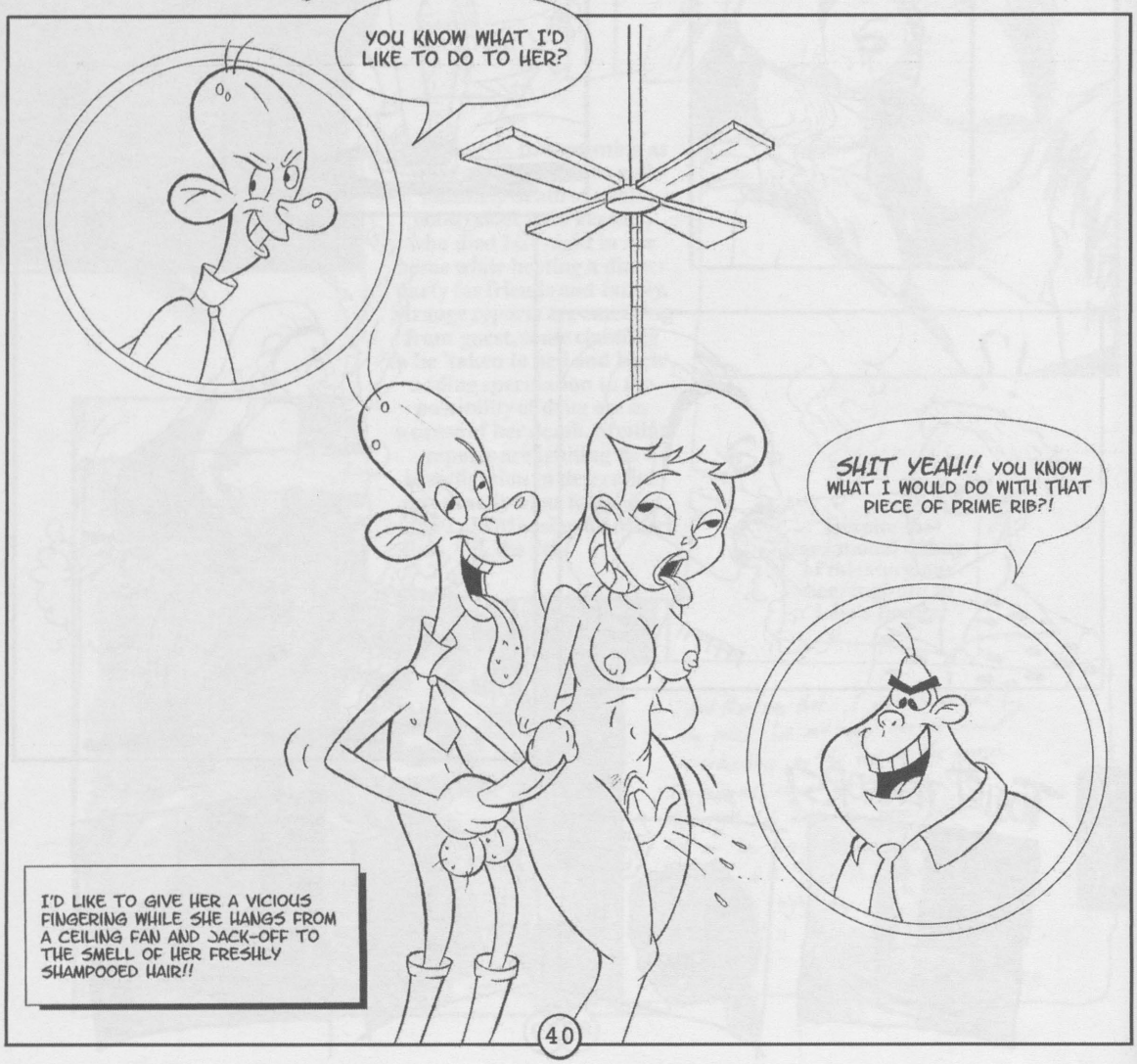
Story by Dave
Art by Jean-Luc



TOILET TERRORS!

BY DAVE

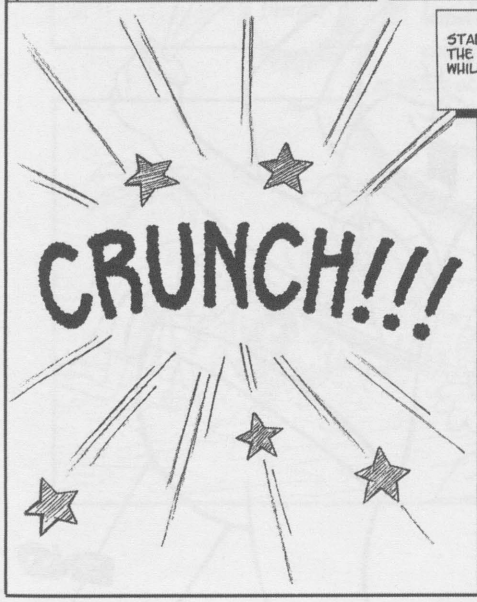

OFFICE
FANTASY
STORY: CAPTAIN GORGONZOLA
ART: JOE COEN
DAMN!! THAT NEW RECEPTIONIST IS A FOX!
SHE IS BANGIN'!


YOU KNOW WHAT I'D LIKE TO DO TO HER?
SHIT YEAH!! YOU KNOW WHAT I WOULD DO WITH THAT PIECE OF PRIME RIB?!
I'D LIKE TO GIVE HER A VICIOUS FINGERING WHILE SHE HANGS FROM A CEILING FAN AND JACK-OFF TO THE SMELL OF HER FRESHLY SHAMPOOED HAIR!!

PLEASE DON'T! I'M PREGNANT!
VROOM!!!
I'D CHAIN HER DERRIERE TO THE WALL, THEN PLOUGH MY CHEVY STRAIGHT INTO HER FUCKIN' KNEE CAPS AT SIXTY KILOMETRES-PER-HOUR...

SCREEEECH!!!

AAAAHH!!


CRUNCH!!!

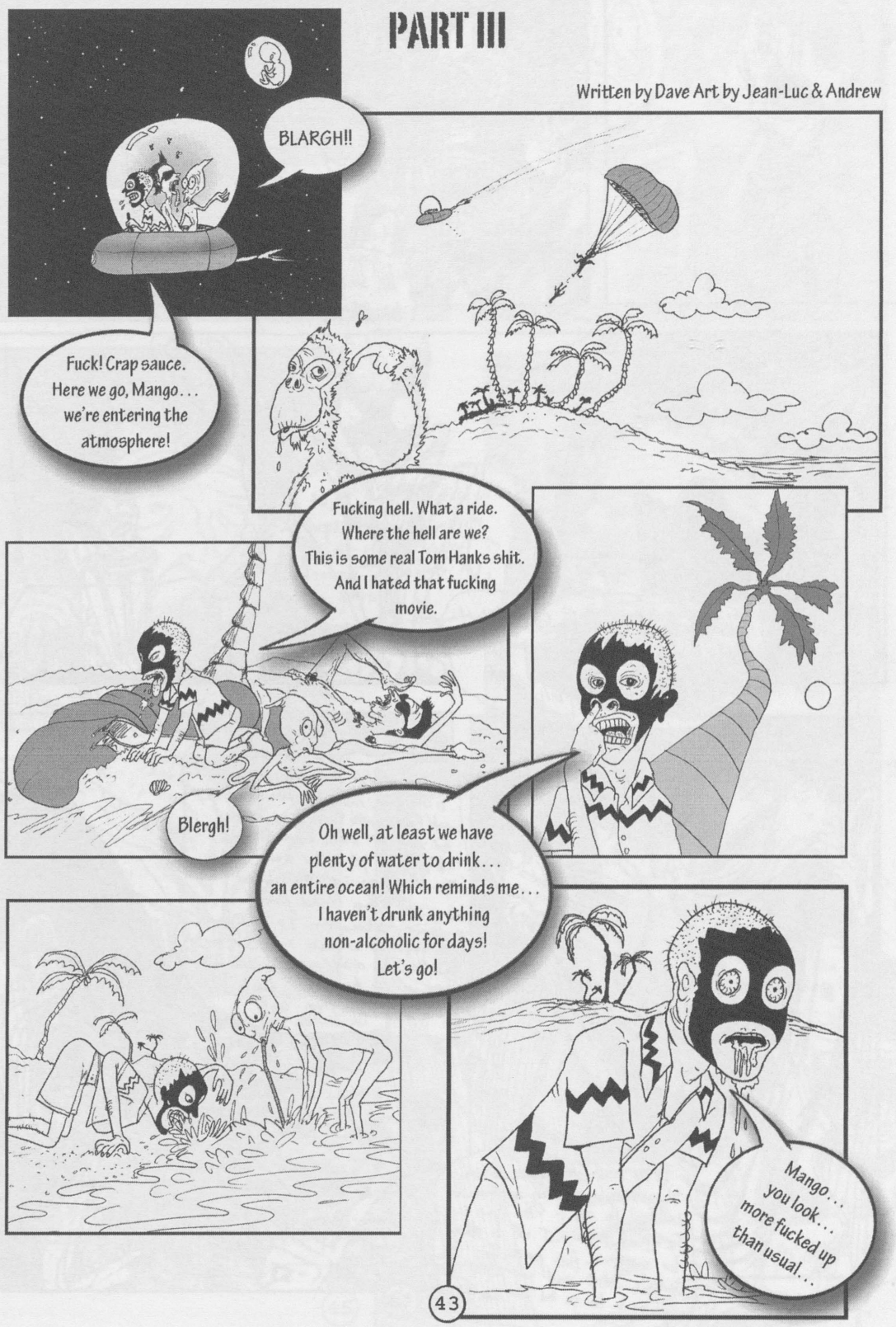
STANDING ON THE BONNET, I'D THEN FUCK THE SHIT OUT OF HER DIRTY WHORE MOUTH, WHILE SHE SCREAMS IN AGONY!!

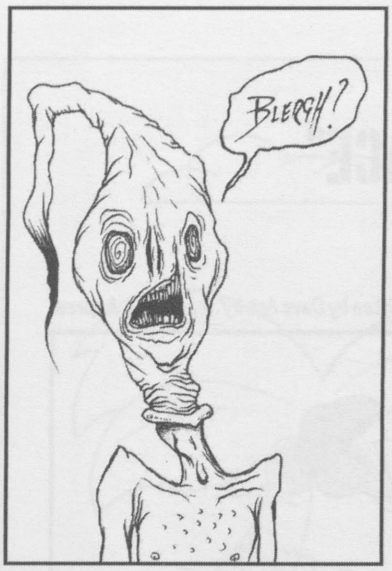
HEY FELLAS, YOU KNOW WHAT I'D LOVE TO DO WITH HER?!
CLINK
WELL, I'D TAKE HER ON A ROMANTIC PICNIC ON THE BEACH ACCOMPANIED BY A SELECTION OF FINE WINES AND CHEESES, OF COURSE. AS THE SUN SETS HER FACE TURNS TO GOLD. SHE SMILES AND I CAN SEE RAINBOWS IN HER EYES. TOGETHER, LOVINGLY, WE TOAST TO A LONG AND HAPPY RELATIONSHIP...
END

DONKEY PUNCH DISCO IN

"FUCKHEADS IN SPACE" PART III

Written by Dave Art by Jean-Luc & Andrew

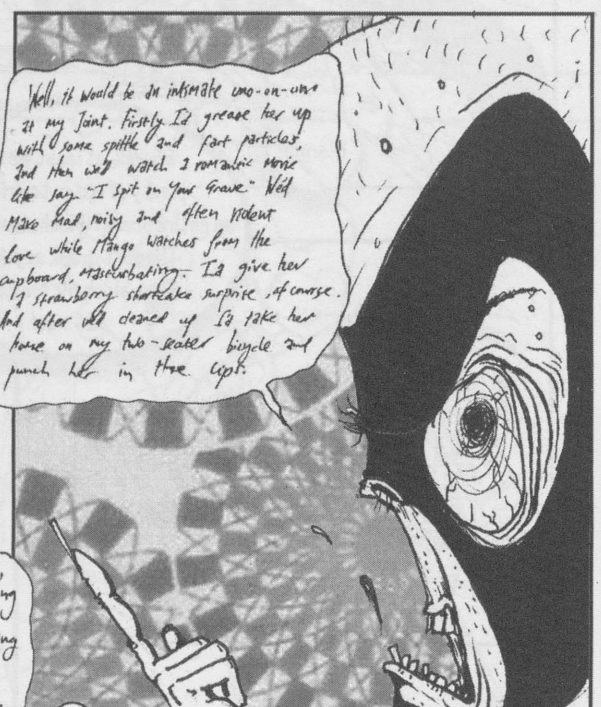


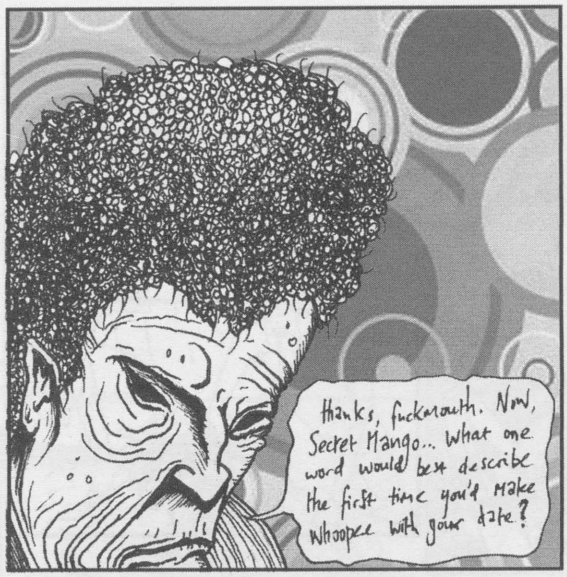

BLEEGH!?

Were going to play a game, Donkey punch. A dating game Secret Mango...
AAH! It's chuck Barris! from Gong show and Dating game fame!

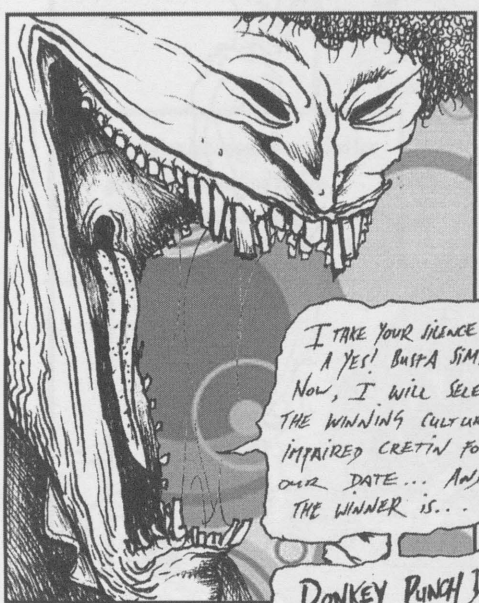
Welcome to the all new Dating Game Revival! Give a hearty welcome to our guests... Donkey Punch Disco, Secret Mango and Busta Simes's corpse!

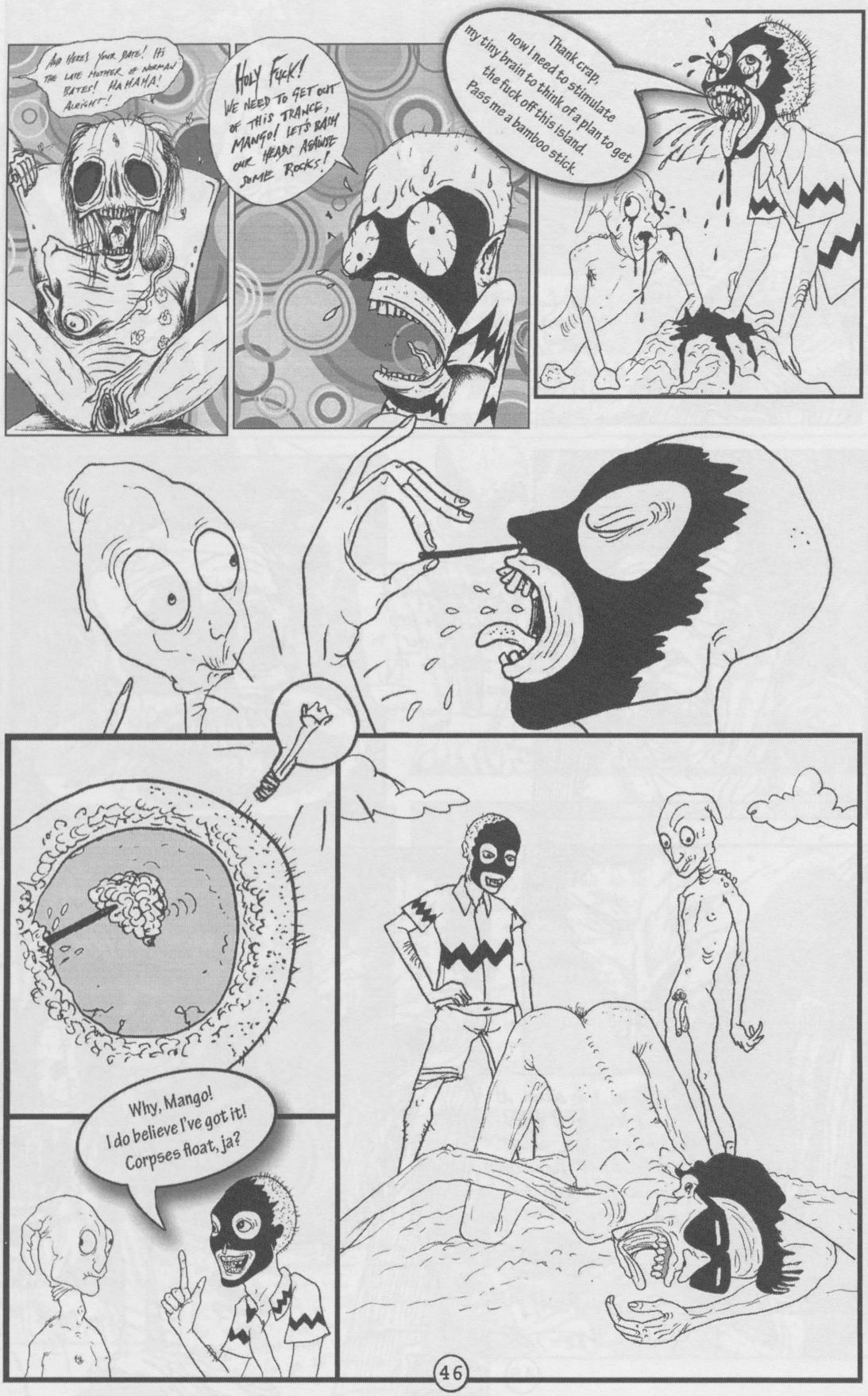
On this special Island Fever edition, We will not be revealing our stunning date until the end of the show. For Medical reasons. I will be asking her questions. First question for Mr. Disco... What would your perfect night out be for you and your date???

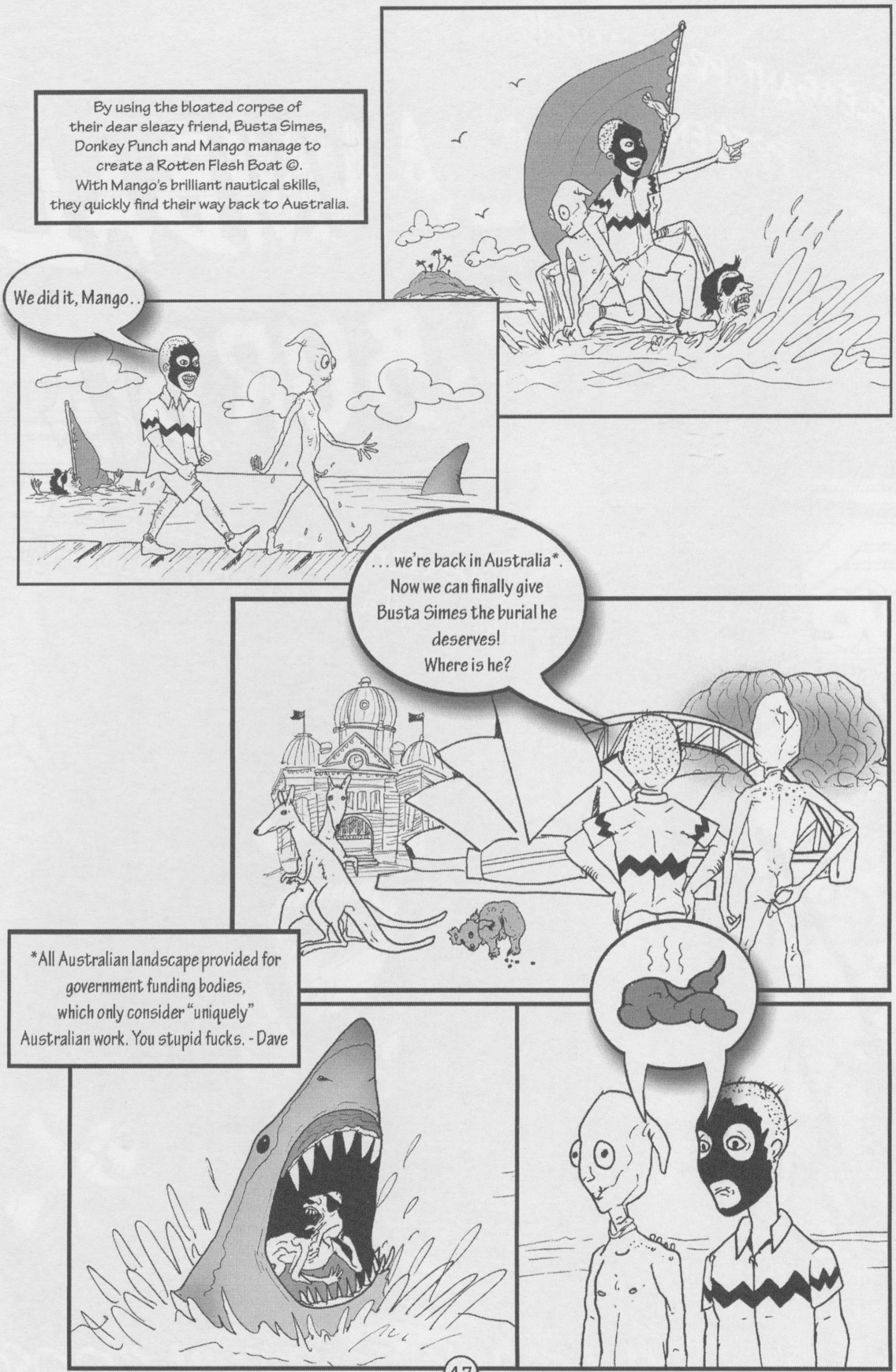

Well, it would be an intimate uno-on-uno at my Joint. Firstly I'd grease her up with some spittle and fart particles, and then we'd watch a romantic movie like say "I spit on your Grave." Well Mary had, noisy and often violent love while Mango watches from the cupboard, masturbating. I'd give her a strawberry shortcake surprise, of course. And after we'd cleaned up I'd take her home on my two-seater bicycle and punch her in the cupt.



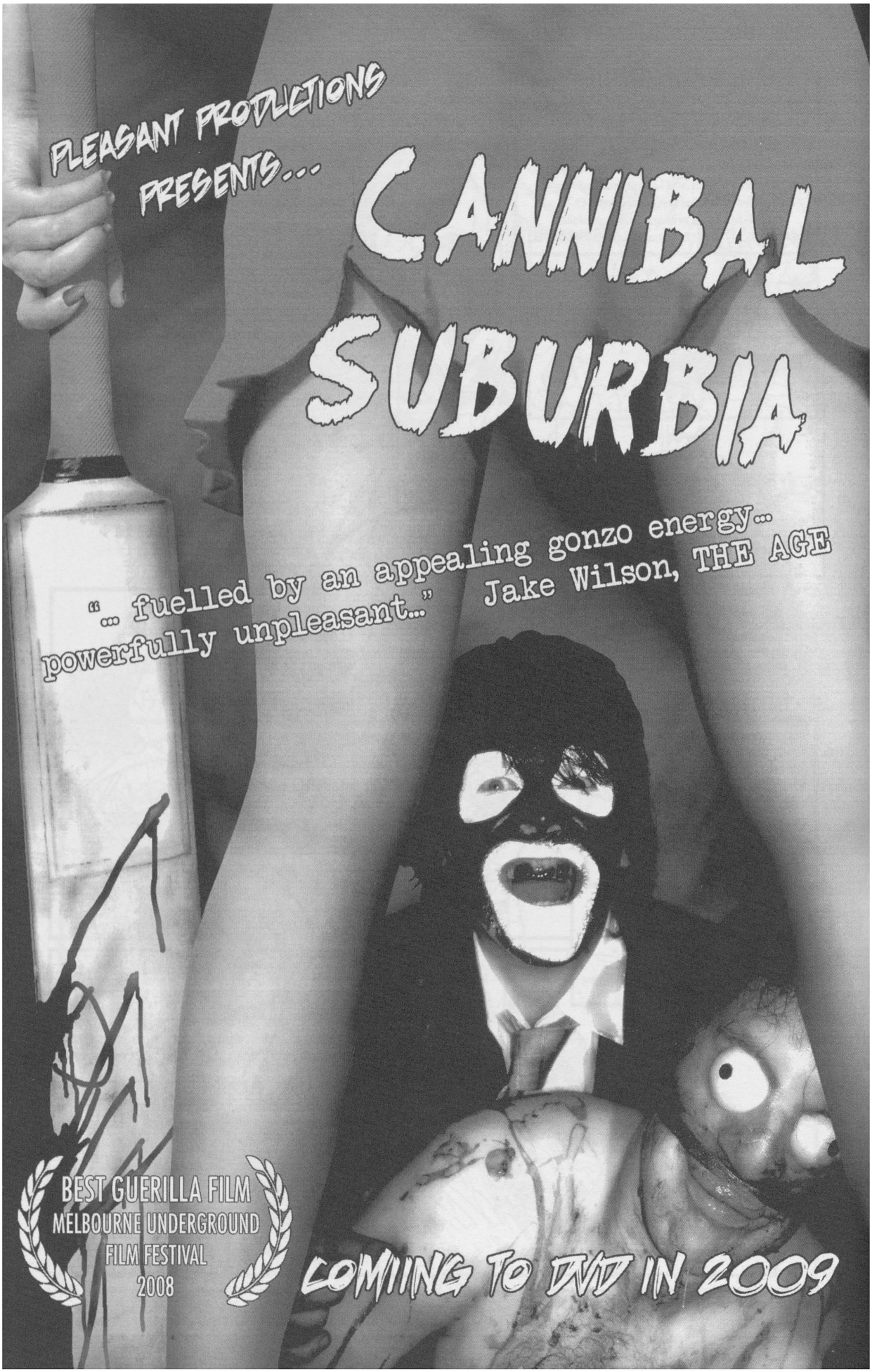
uh..... and the corpse of Busta Simes, is the term "Serial Melon Monster" an accurate description of yourself?




AND HERE'S YOUR DATE! IT'S THE LATE MOTHER OF NORMAN BATES! HAHAHA! ALRIGHT!
HOLY FUCK! WE NEED TO GET OUT OF THIS TRANCE, MANGO! LET'S BASH OUR HEADS AGAINST SOME ROCKS!
Thank crap, now I need to stimulate my tiny brain to think of a plan to get the fuck off this island. Pass me a bamboo stick.
Why, Mango! I do believe I've got it! Corpses float, ja?


By using the bloated corpse of their dear sleazy friend, Busta Simes, Donkey Punch and Mango manage to create a Rotten Flesh Boat ©. With Mango's brilliant nautical skills, they quickly find their way back to Australia.
We did it, Mango..
...we're back in Australia*. Now we can finally give Busta Simes the burial he deserves! Where is he?
*All Australian landscape provided for government funding bodies, which only consider "uniquely" Australian work. You stupid fucks. - Dave

END.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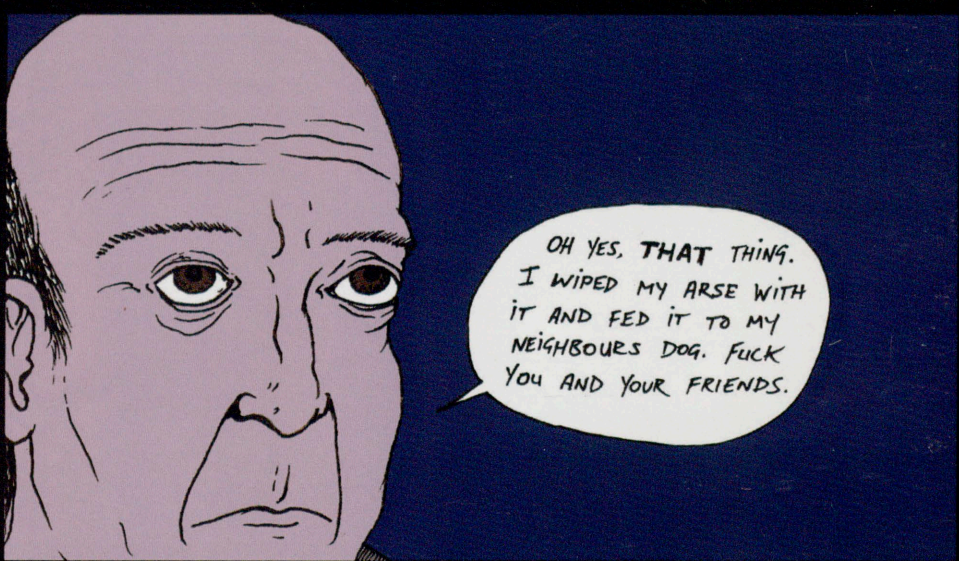

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